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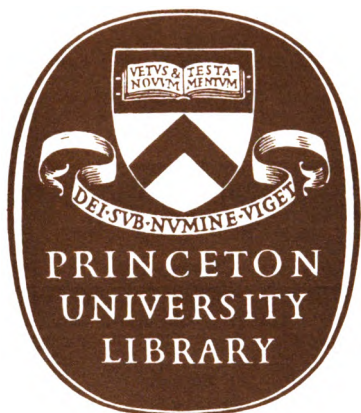
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SONGS, MEASURES,  
METRICAL LINES

JEAN CARLYLE GRAHAM





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Frank Merriam  
from

Jessie Carlyle Graham

May. 1893.

SONGS, MEASURES

METRICAL LINES





SONGS  
MEASURES  
METRICAL LINES

BY  
JEAN CARLYLE GRAHAM

//



LONDON  
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## DEDICATION

*To One, whose sage, judicial course  
Of 'damning with faint praise,'  
So fired my soul and nerved my force,  
That I, self-scorning, raise*

*This poetasting cairn to mark  
The spot where I lay prone,  
And writhed and rhymed in outer dark,  
Verse-draggled, fierce, and lone!*



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I  
SONGS

A



## THE ROSE SO SWEET

THE rose so sweet may wound rash hands,  
Heigh ho ! beware the thorn.  
Her proud pink face your love demands,  
Heigh ho ! the heart all torn.

She decks herself in gems of dew,  
Heigh ho ! on a summer's morn.  
The sparkles may mean tears for you,  
Heigh ho ! poor youth forlorn.

She folds her perfume petalled close,  
Heigh ho ! on a summer's morn.  
The scent may prove a poison dose,  
Heigh ho ! that you 'd ne'er been born.

She flaunts her branches in your face,  
Heigh ho ! on a breezy morn.  
But stay—the frost will come a-pace,  
Heigh ho ! poor rose, all shorn.

## WHEN MEADS IN MAY

## I

WHEN meads in May with flowers are gay  
And woods with song are glad,  
When cooing doves do woo their loves,  
A maiden wanders sad.  
Ah, hapless fate! alone to wait!  
Her joys are fled, her love lies dead.

## II

When meadows low are white with snow  
And woods are dumb and sad,  
When mateless doves do mourn their loves,  
The maid alone is glad.  
Ah, happy fate! in death to mate!  
Her woes are fled. The maid lies dead.

‘THE NIGHT COMETH’

I

STAY, lovely, loving, saffron light !  
    Enfold yon drowsy hills,  
Infuse with lucent lymph yon brooding height  
    Whence flow the nascent rills.

II

Stay, crawling shades of purple hue !  
    Dim army of sad Night !  
Nor silent scale yon stony rampire blue  
    In fell, resistless fight.

III

Stay, wan, far-glancing eyes of eve !  
    Vex not the sun's last gaze ;  
Faint Day hath yet some passing sighs to heave,  
    Toward Death his step delays.

IV

Ah ! stay with us, glamour of Prime !  
    Love's vesture of gold !  
Ah ! fly from us, shadow of Time !  
    Black, numbing, and cold.

## V

Ineffable Eyes of an endless, immutable Night !  
Far-set in blue spans of mind-baffling, unscaleable  
height—

Ah ! leave us our day,  
With its tranquil and homely glow,  
Our little bright sphere,  
That we see and feel and know !

## VI

Dust atoms that dance on our Sun's gold arc  
May vanish and perish,—alone, in the Dark.

‘THE NIGHT, IT DEPARTETH,—  
DEPARTETH!’

I

A SILENCE, as the moment after death—  
A silence like a hurt, a sudden pang—  
Then, blackness where the faint and quivering breath  
Wakes terror of the void from which it sprang.

II

Sun, moon, and stars extinct? We dare not moan.  
All hidden life, e’en sense of suffering, gone.  
A dim, blank agony of dark,—still,—lone—  
Then, with a shivering sigh, awakes the dawn.

III

Wan, chill, as from a vigil, peers the world.  
A throb of thankfulness for peril past!  
Clear, pearly light steals on—soft mists unfurled—  
Birds chirp their orison—

Day! Day! at last!



## MAY SONG

## I

To dewy meadows, from whose sheen  
Balm-bearing zephyrs perfume glean,  
Away, sweet maids, go play! away!  
Beneath the dappled sky. 'Tis May!

## II

The cowslip bells do ring the hour,  
The bees do sip from flower to flower.  
Away, sweet maids, away, away!  
Amid the blossoms vie. 'Tis May!

## III

The cuckoo chants in bosky bower,  
The hedgelings at his plainsong cower.  
Away, sweet maids, away, away!  
Adown the lanes swift hie. 'Tis May!

## IV

The blackbird pipes, his love to woo;  
The cushat calls his 'poor-poor-doo.'  
Away, sweet maids, away, away!  
To tuneful woods swift fly. 'Tis May!

## V

A daisy chain and hawthorn crown  
Sets queen milk-white or queen nut-brown.  
Away, sweet maids, to reign, away !  
'Neath budding shades, go, lie,—'tis May !

## LULU

## I

IN the glowing summer weather  
Bees and I sipped sweets together  
'Neath the blue, 'mid honey-heather.  
Lulu! Lulu! Lu!

## II

Springing o'er the tufted moss,  
Hand in hand, the moor across,  
Love lent life a glamour gloss.  
Lulu! Lulu! Lu!

## III

Heaven seemed then so near to me.  
Now—is there a heaven? Ah me!  
Love and faith are fled with thee,  
Lulu! Lulu! Lu!

## IV

Chill and dank and blind, I stray  
Thro' the clinging mist and grey  
O'er the lone moor, lost, to-day.  
Lulu! Lulu! Lu!

THERE'S A BONNIE BIT 'O'  
GREEN GRASS

I

THERE 's a bonnie bit o' green grass  
Set round wi' gran' grey trees,  
O' gowd I 'd gie a wheen, lass,  
Gin I micht win ower seas,  
An' lay me doon an' dream, lass,  
Licht-hearted an' at ease.

II

It 's mony an' mony a day, lass,  
Sin there I set me doon  
And suppit curds an' whey, lass,  
Wi' a crackit auld horn spoon,  
When we were dune wi' play, lass,  
Ae balmy day in June.

## III

The leddy-lilies white, lass,  
In raws, a' starry-crowned,  
Did glower wi' eyes sae bricht, lass,  
A' ring'd wi' crimson round,  
And in the westlan' licht, lass,  
Did scent the vera ground.

## IV

Frae cowslips' yellow frocks, lass,  
We sucked the hinny dew,  
And blew the fairies' clocks, lass,  
Whaur dandelions grew;  
'Remember me's' and stocks, lass,  
We twined wi' pansies blue.

## V

And gowan chains sae grand, lass,  
We hung about oor necks.  
Nae leddies in the land, lass,  
Wi' braws and boos and becks  
Were hauf sae fine and grand, lass,  
As you an' me in 'checks'!

## VI

An' oh ! d'ye mind the craws, lass,  
Their nests o' hazel twigs,  
Their parlymints an' laws, lass,  
Black goons and braw grey wigs,  
Abune oor heids their caws, lass,  
Their skreighs, and doited rigs !

## VII

An' aye the cushy-doods, lass,  
Ayont the Cardross woods  
Gied sorrow-laden coos, lass,  
When they had tint their broods.  
Ah ! ' poor-poor-cushy-doods,' lass,  
Aye gies me waefu' moods.

## VIII

Hech ! you an' me were ten, lass,  
An' noo we're forty-three—  
Hout ! a' the warld may ken, lass—  
'Deed, a' the warld may see !  
I carena' hauf a prin, lass—  
I'm auld, an' sae are ye.

## IX

Through a' life's trials an' waes, lass,  
When fate and fortune glower,  
Thae joys o' youthfu' days, lass,  
Are mair than royal dower.  
Ay—they were happy days, lass :  
I live them ower an' ower.

## X

I'm richer than a' queens, lass,  
For nane can rob frae me  
The life-long treasured scenes, lass,  
That nane but me can see !  
An'—a' the loss that 's been, lass,  
I'll fin' Abune, may-be.

## ERINNERUNG

*(Set to R. Schumann's music)*

AH! sweet and true, my lost love,  
The hours when we were wed,  
Their sweetness, ever new, love,  
Will last till life has fled—  
Till life itself has fled.

Though lonely now I wander,  
A pilgrim old and sad,  
Those hours are mine for ever,  
I live them and am glad—

Till in our blest Home yonder  
We two again are wed.



## SONG OF THE CLOCK

## I

Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Hours are born, hours die.  
Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Hopes are born, hopes fly.

## II

Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Maidens bold, maids shy.  
Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
All alike, all vie.

## III

Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Men love, you and I.  
Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
All alike, none knows why!

## IV

Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Joys come, joys fly.  
Tic-tac. Tic-tac.  
Men are born, men die.

## WHEN LORIS LAUGHS

## I

WHEN Loris laughs, the birds forbear  
Their chirps and trills, too well aware  
The listening woods their notes can spare  
When Loris laughs.

## II

The listening woods their leaves unfold  
The music-laden air to hold,  
The sun flecks bars and rests of gold,  
When Loris laughs.

## III

The little brooks their tinkling hush,  
The whirling eddies softly gush,  
And lap the stones that stay their rush,  
When Loris laughs.

## IV

The crisp fern fronds uncurl their heads,  
And creep from out their rocky beds  
To hearken where the echo spreads,  
When Loris laughs.

## B

## V

The lilies droop their faces fair,  
They scarce the load of sweets can bear  
That burdens all the perfumed air,  
When Loris laughs.

## VI

The meadows deck themselves with light,  
The daisies spread their fingers white,  
And ope their golden eyes more bright,  
When Loris laughs.

## VII

The skies are dyed a deeper blue,  
The hills in purple clad anew,  
The whole earth wears a roseate hue,  
When Loris laughs.

## SCOTS SONG

## I

COME, steek the yett, my dawtie,  
Come, sit ye doun, my dear :  
I'll sing ye o' a bridal,  
But whase, ye maunna speer.

## II

'Twas 'tween the mirk an' dawning,  
Ae morn in London toun,  
Her bridal braws were buskit,  
Nae silks, nor satin gown.

## III

The bonnie bride was buskit  
In braverie fu' grand :  
Her een like diamonds shinin',  
The purest in the land ;

## IV

Her lip wi' smiles a' glintin',  
Her cheek wi' luvie a' red,  
Her heid set round with honour  
Tae crown the man she wed.

## V

She's crown'd her man with honour,  
For he had tint his ain;  
She's twined him wi' her true luv,  
For he stood a' his lane.

## VI

She's faced his faes fu' dauntless—  
His faes were a' within;  
She's bucklered him, this brave lass,  
Wi' her prood scorn o' sin.

## VII

Sae, tak' ye tent, my dawtie,  
Sae, tak' ye tent, my dear,  
When ithers brag of heroes  
An' mak' a muckle steer,

## VIII

Just tell them o' this guid wife  
That's picked her man frae glaur;  
For she's gien him her troth-plight  
For gude, nae mair than waur.

## S L E E P

*(Set to music by H. A. J. Campbell)*

COME, come, mist-veiled Sleep !  
Steal to me gently and close my tired eyes,  
Lay thy cool fingers upon my hot brow,  
Chant me sweet music in accents like sighs,  
Hush me with lullabies tender and low,  
Whisper them softer and softer, till thou  
Lap me in silence delicious and deep—  
Silence unstirred by a breath. Ah ! now—  
Come, come, soft-footed Sleep !

Bear me aloft through the darkening skies  
For ever away from the Night where I weep,  
Up to the Day where the light never dies,  
Come, come, God's messenger, Sleep !

## TO MY TYRANT

*(Set to music by H. A. J. Campbell)*

My love, my love, so fair, so true,  
Sweet tyrant with the eyes flower-blue,  
She holds me prisoned, oh ! so fast,  
With golden chains about me cast.

With chains of gold as light as air,  
Wrought of her wavy sun-tinged hair,  
And forged with kisses from her lips  
And magic of her finger-tips.

From this, my charmed captivity,  
I would not, if I could, go free,  
But pray her bonds may hold me fast  
As long as life and love may last.

## SONG

*(Set to R. Schumann's music)*

LIFE's fresh spring has passed for aye :

Now 'neath summer's fiery ray,

    Weary and faint,

    With mournful plaint,

Onward we toil in glare of Day.

Come, sweet Night, with cooling wing,

Waft us to everlasting Spring.



## CHRISTMAS BELLS

## I

TOLL, bells ! The hours are flying.  
Toll, bells ! The year 's a-dying.  
    Strait and low  
    On bed of snow  
His weary frame is quiet lying.

## II

Chime, bells ! God's hours are flying.  
Chime, bells ! Man's rest 's a-nighing.  
    Under the snow  
    The seedlings grow—  
The angel reapers their scythes are plying.

## III

Ring, bells ! Sad hours are flying.  
Ring, bells ! For care 's a-dying.  
    Over the snow,  
    Solemn and slow,  
Heavenly voices of Peace are crying.

## IV

Peal, bells ! The hours are flying.  
Peal, bells ! New Year's a-hieing,  
Over the snow  
With rosy glow,  
And fragrant breezes of Spring are sighing.

## WEDDED

*(Set as a duet to R. Schumann's music)*

For evermore, ah ! love, for evermore.  
Ah ! blessed vows that seal me thine !  
For evermore, my love, for evermore !  
Ah ! blessed vows that seal thee mine.

To float along Life's tranquil stream  
Together, in a blissful dream.  
For evermore to love ! Ah ! nevermore  
From thee to part—not e'en in Death—

For Love Divine  
Is mine and thine,  
And God hath made us one.

For evermore, for evermore, we two are one.

## GOLDEN WEDDING SONG

## I

ONCE upon a time, love,  
When you and I were young, love,  
We set our lives to rhyme, love,  
Ourselves a living song, love.

## II

We woo, we two ;  
We coo, be true.  
We kiss ! no bliss  
Like this, I wis.  
Love darts, love smarts,  
Love parts—break hearts !  
We sever for ever—  
We sever ? ah, never !  
Fair weather, together ;  
Foul weather, together  
We two still woo,  
We two are true.

## III

And now has come a time, love,  
When you and I are old, love,  
Our lives, still set to rhyme, love,  
Accord like harps of gold, love.

## JANET

JANET, soft and round and rosy,  
Janet, sweet as any posy,  
Little roguish, dimpled maiden,  
Quaint and fresh, with graces laden.

By your simple, bird-like art  
You have nestled in my heart ;  
There you flutter, chirrup, chatter,  
Making it go pitter-patter.

If at three you have the power  
Thus to charm at every hour,  
What, alas ! will hap to me  
When your years count six times three !

What, alas ! But so that you  
To your childish self be true,  
You be winsome, fresh, and sweet,  
I, your slave, it is most meet.

Witching Janet ! play and dance,  
I must love, whate'er bechance :  
Give your baby charms full sway—  
I'm yours, for ever and a day !

## FROM EAST TO WEST

(Set to R. Schumann's music)

THOUGH far from thee, dear love, I wander  
O'er pulsing waves that throb and surge,  
The moon that silvers thy nest yonder  
On me sheds light from ocean's verge.

I tell to her my story  
Of fears, of hopes, of love.  
I fire my soul with dreams of glory  
That I may win for thee, my dove,  
Safe in thy nest,  
In thy soft nest,  
'Neath her sweet light  
At rest.



## TRÄUMEREI

(Set to R. Schumann's music)

## I

WHEN all the loyal stars are lapt  
In sombrous sapphire, dreaming of the regnant Moon;  
When Earth, in lucent veil enwrapt,  
Lies one hushed moment ere she greet the Dawn in  
June;

## II

Midsummer elvish fancies flaunt  
Adown the perfumed airs that fret the flowers;  
They wanton rouse, delude, and taunt  
The lover, drowsing thro' the fever'd hours.

## III

'Hist! Lute-notes of thy maiden true,  
In summer sweetness—  
List! With her the dulcet stream  
Tunes madrigals—Awake! and woo!  
Fond lover, wake! '—  
The music faints. Alas, alas! 'Twas but a dream.

## A SONG OF THE IDES OF MARCH

*(At Apia Bay, 1889)*

I ,

THROUGH the long weeks the rough sea-dogs had  
growled on the chain,  
Chafing and snarling, shut in by the reefs from the  
main,  
Watching a bone of contention that neither might  
grasp,  
Panting and heaving defiance with each sullen gasp.  
Sons of the Fatherland, sighing for home in one  
breath,  
Dooming their rivals, the next, to confusion and death.  
Yankees, cool-headed, outraged, and enraged—for a  
wonder—  
Hurling deep curses amid the Pacific's surf-thunder.  
Silently lay on her leash the slim British sleuth-hound,  
Blinking, but ready for action, if need should be found.  
Low on the shore crouched Mataafa among his  
armed braves,  
Marking the foe as he swung to his doom on the  
waves.

C

Duty?—For sure it is duty.—Say why we were there?—

Orders from headquarters!—See the black storm in the air!

Look to the moorings, strike topmast! Its fiercest we'll dare.

German, American, Briton, defiantly glare.

## II

Man's puny wrath smouldered red in the narrow-necked bay,

March saw the sparks, called the winds, and rose joyous to play,

Spurred his white coursers from far in the caves of the sea,

Harked on his rabble-rout, roaring and prancing in glee.

Sheets of black rain flapped and flew on the boisterous blast,

Glad to be free from the sky's gloomy wrappings at last,

Breakers rushed on and crashed, tossing their foam-crests on high,

Billows long-rolling, with mountainous joy, passed them by.

Higher and louder and wilder and faster the fun—

March and his rough-riders, see the mad races they  
run !  
Ramp o'er the breakwater, clear the jagged reefs at a  
bound !  
Ho ! to the goal ! clear the way ! sweep triumphantly  
round !

## III

March, with the unloving eyes of a crystal-clear blue !  
March, with the loose-floating locks of the daffodil  
hue !  
March, with his mutinous swagger, his conqueror  
smiles !  
March, with his flower-broidered mantle that hides  
his black wiles !  
Clarion-tongued offspring of tranquil, dumb Grand-  
father Time !  
Turbulent nurseling of tempest, mad playmate of  
gales !  
Roystering rider on hurricanes ! Malefic mime !  
Jester for Death to the music of dying men's wails !

## IV

Tell of him, ocean deeps ! Toss up his castaway toys !  
Float up the fragments and scraps of once exquisite  
joys,

Flung to thy keeping when tired of his frenzy of play,  
Battered and tattered and shattered—his sports of a  
day.

Chant of him, mermaidens ! Sing of the brave ships  
he threw,

Tortive and splintered and torpent, to rot in your  
caves.

Show us the trash—‘treasure-trove of the sea’—once  
a crew—

Flotsam of souls that drifts dank on the rhythm of the  
waves.

## v

March on his courser swift-winged rides at full racing  
speed :

Flower-broidered mantle ? gold locks ? who is this  
on the steed ?

Grey, grinning skull, see the blots in dark sockets !—  
Blue eyes ?

Grim, stark, and dumb, a winged dragon bestriding,  
who flies ?

## vi

Frolic and scamper, Death's playmates ! whirl on  
without check !

Rain, wave, and hurricane ! Race it with *him* neck to  
neck !

## VII

Ware! helpless rivals that glare each at each in the  
dark!

Cease your vain menaces! Who heeds them?—Ware!  
Silence! Hark!

## VIII

Clangs of wild harmonies,—  
Clashes of discord, and wails,—  
Strains of Death's war-song are fitfully borne on the  
gales.

Cries of the drowning,  
Deep groans of despair—then a rush—  
Down to the coral cells, dumb, in the eloquent  
hush.

## IX

Broke with a terrible grandeur the dawning of day,  
Strove with the blackness to add to the dread of the  
fray,  
Saw the brave war-ships wild rolling, in anguish sore  
pressed,  
Gulfed in the billows or flung on each horrible crest.

## X

Hark ! 'tis a cheer that rings glad o'er the howl of  
the blast.

Brother, God speed ! Hurrah ! Cheer ! though this  
breath be our last !

Cheer them on gaily, hurrah on the brink of the  
grave !

Cheer ! as your kinsmen win past, slowly breasting  
the wave.

Fire ! ye child heroes ! blaze out like God's stars in  
the gloom.

Heed not Death's war-chant that menaces, reck not of  
doom !

Panting, half-conscious, nigh mad with the agonised  
strain !—

Cheer ! Three times three ! The *Calliope* rides on  
the main !

## XI

Hail, glad Columbia ! Shed tears of an extasate pride,  
Mother of heroes ! yon cheer wakes an echo world-  
wide.

Teuton ! American ! Briton ! Samoan ! ye are one—  
Brothers of Death's mighty Conqueror, kin to God's  
Son !

## XII

Kaisers and Presidents, Statesmen ! proud breakers of  
Law !

Ye that cram souls, living souls, in Ambition's wide  
maw !

Look to your disciplined dare-devils dashed on the reef,  
Dead at their duty—your work—as thieves watching  
a thief !

## XIII

Chroniclers ! prating of 'epochs in wide-world-history,'  
Diplomats ! mincing at Congresses, framing word  
mystery :

Say, was the matter an adequate reason for strife ?

Say, was possession worth more than a fellow-man's  
life !

' Blessings of Civilisation ! '—you suavely reply.

' Progress of Dominant Races ! '—oh ! spare us the  
cry.

' Cession !—nay, *Purchase* from Natives ! ' (a handful  
of beans !).

' Flag of Protection, of course ! ' ' Annexation ! ' (that  
means ?).

Burglars may answer. *They* dress it in slang like the  
rest.

Stealing is banal—to euphuize gives it a zest.



Ruffle it gallantly ! bravos of Civilisation !  
Bend with politeness, and deal a fair share to each  
nation !

## XIV

Pirates, speak truth ! You 'll shame none but the  
coiner of lies.  
Fight ! Snatch the booty ! Sail off with it ! Plant !  
Colonise !  
Fittest ! Survive ! 'Tis the law of this world.  
For the next— ?  
Answer, dead watchdogs that toss in yon harbour,  
surf-vexed.

## XV

Man ! with your visions supreme of a world-ringèd  
rule.  
Man ! with your pitiful strivings, poor passionate  
fool !  
Man ! with your gold-gorgèd monsters to work your  
mad will.  
Man ! with mechanical brain-births to breathe by your  
skill.  
Greedy for gewgaws that stud the earth's girdle of  
seas,  
Battling to keep them, promulgating laws and decrees.

Grabbing (the strong from the weak) what?—some  
ocean-washed stones :

Calling them Empires and Kingdoms, Dominions and  
Thrones !

Mock at him, Winds ! from your realm of which none  
knows the bound.

Laugh at him, Storms ! as ye roll your majestical  
round.

Breathe, Love seraphic ! pure breath from yon vast,  
awful Arch !

Breathe on these puppets—limp, dead—on this Ides  
of March !



## II

# MEASURES



## SILTH

## A SONNET

THE burdened year rolls down the hill of Fame.  
Oblivion's sullen caldron, at the base,  
Wrinkles a leaden grin the plunge to erase,  
And settles o'er the slimy load of shame  
Life's shards and rags, too mean and soiled to name.  
Would God that they had passed and left no trace,  
There, on the height before her brazen face  
Whose hundred tongues clang out the praise and  
    blame!  
See! on the plains! the iron-clad peoples smile  
Lip-smiles: croon 'Peace,' and lull the infant year,  
Raise mailed hands of warning or of guile  
To still Fame's trumpet-clamour from his ear!  
The babe *will* wake, *will* scale that steep, full-grown,  
And load him with the silth Old Year has strown.

*Xmas 1892-93.*

## THE VICTORIAN STATESMAN

## I

He guards Her realm with heart and eye and hand,  
That she, enthronèd there  
Secure, serene, and fair,  
May reign, a wise Queen, o'er a peaceful land.

## II

That he, her servant, loyal may alway be,  
His every deed and thought  
By Honour's self is taught;  
And he, her friend, not slave; in bonds, yet free.

## THE HOURS

My Soul hath twice twelve servants at her beck,  
Who, noiseless, speed their way with winged feet.  
Some bear the flowers wherewith my Soul may deck  
Time's altar,—some, with step, alas ! too fleet,  
Flash sun-rays on her path that dazzling fleck,  
Then fade,—and some bring clouds and rain and sleet  
(True servants they, though grief their pace may  
check),—

And some whose sad-hued pinions, lagging, beat  
The heavy air, raise storms that well-nigh wreck  
Her peace,—and others still, breathe scorching heat  
'Neath which she faints.

Flower-laden hours ! so sweet,  
Oh, stay your perfumed pinions at her feet !  
Sun-flashing hours, with rays so bright, so fleet,  
Ah ! fly not till my Soul her rest doth meet !



## THE STRIFE OF THE SEASONS

## I. — SPRING

COLD Winter, clad in hard and glittering mail,  
With starry, frost-gemmed shield before his breast,  
Rears proud his jagged helm and snowy crest,  
And tosses wild his locks of rattling hail.  
He yells a war-cry, wails a weird death-wail,  
Then spurs his storm-steed, lays ice-lance in rest  
To meet his jocund foe—and falls sore pressed,  
To die. 'Gainst lusty Spring he fights to fail.  
Gay, leafen-vested Spring! whose battle gear  
Is fairy wrought, whose casque is primrose dight;  
Whose shield, of tasselled saplings wove; whose  
spear,  
A bar of sunbeams tipped with fiery light.  
Birds flute Spring's war-song to enchant the ear,  
'Tis winter's dirge, and love-lay of the year.

## II. —SUMMER

BOLD Madam Summer, with her love-lit eyes,  
And cheeks and lips of milk and roses red,  
Comes gliding o'er the meads with perfumed sighs  
To seek the rustic swain she wills to wed.  
Capricious Spring lies hid in covert deep :  
He dreads to wear his conqueror's flow'ry yoke,  
So hies him to the woods, and feigns to sleep,  
And dons a mist-veil for a magic cloak.  
'Tis all in vain ! His fate steals on apace :  
She bends the branches with warm finger-tips,  
She leans o'er him the blossom of her face,  
Breathes off his mist-veil, lays to his her lips.  
He wakes, he smiles, he frowns and weeps in play,  
And, chained with wreaths, is captive led away.

## III.—AUTUMN

FAIR, bounteous Autumn, from her mother-heart,  
To Summer, dying of Love's poisoned dart,  
Brings store of joys to glad her waning days.  
She clothes the hills and vales in golden haze ;  
To deck bruised petals, dusty leaves, parch'd meads,  
She nightly borrows from King Frost his beads,  
And strings with them the wonders of her dyes—  
Gay chromic tints that each with other vies !—  
With luscious juice the rounding fruit she teems ;  
With gentle tears she swells the cooling streams ;  
And when the harvest moon's red lustre beams,  
Lulls Summer's pains with poppies till she dreams :  
Then gently from her rival's nerveless hold  
Her sceptre takes, and dons her crown of gold.

## IV.—WINTER

HER blessèd task of giving nigh its close,  
Crowned Autumn, oldened by her lavish sway,  
In silent sadness seeks well-earned repose,  
And leaves her tuneless realm to sad Decay.  
Her sheaves of golden grain are garnered high,  
Brown nuts and ruddy apples, russet pears,  
And earthen-coated roots laid safely by,  
For sombre heaven a boding aspect wears.  
Then Winter, from afar, sends warning moan  
And message-whispers to the waiting woods ;  
The leaves fall shuddering down, the branches groan,  
And o'er the sodden fields a dank fog broods.  
And now, in rushing triumph Winter comes,  
And Autumn to his stormy might succumbs.

## TO MARY

## A SONNET

THE living beauties my dear maid doth wear  
No human voice but lacketh tune to sing !  
To her the cherished sprites of nature bring  
Their treasured grace, as to a casket rare.  
The sunbeams twine the mazes of her hair ;  
The zephyrs flush her cheek with perfumed wing,  
And, sporting with her, teach her foot their spring ;  
Rose-elves to paint her curvèd lips do dare ;  
The sea its sapphire hides in her fringed eyes ;  
The clouds lend softness to her rounded limbs.  
Her mind with fresh-fallen snow in whiteness vies,  
No stain of earth its dazzling lustre dims.  
And Love, to sum this hoard of beauteous health,  
In her soft bosom stores his matchless wealth !

## AFTER SUNDOWN

## A SONNET

THE listening air is cool and clear and still,  
The opal sky reflects the sun's last flush,  
Translucid clouds are poised in softest hush,  
The birds have ceased their evening anthems shrill,  
A holy silence broods o'er vale and hill—  
Save where the torrent on its seaward rush  
Doth chafe the rocks, and round and o'er them gush  
In clamouring haste its mission to fulfil.  
So sinks fair Day to rest by labour won :  
May we, too, when our tallied task is done,  
In memory stay, though we have ceased to breathe,  
And love-suffusèd peacefulness bequeathe :  
That harassed toilers, 'mid earth's rush and strife,  
May thus foretaste the calm of Endless Life.

## OF LOVE

## TWO SONNETS

## I

How deep the mystery of Woman's love !  
As ivy wreathes the elm, whose rugged rind  
It clasps and hides 'neath myriad tendrils kind—  
The rougher rind, the closer laced above  
The ever green and glossy sheath,—so love  
In Woman's mystic and unreasoning mind  
Doth clothe with grace her hidden idol, shrined,  
Unworthy tho' it be. Not so Man's love !  
His idol must be moulded fair to see,  
Set high for all his fellows to adore ;  
The fairer and the farther off it be,  
The greater his desire, his ardour more !  
But Man's or Woman's love is one in this—  
The while it stays, 'tis blinding, 'wilderer bliss.

## II

THE while Love stays!—Ah! wherefore doth Love fly?  
The nestlings flutter off 'neath heaven's free dome  
When all too strait they deem their moss-walled home.  
So, Love from narrowing bounds will roving hie.  
'Tis all in vain his wings to clip, or tie  
A silken band to blind him! He will roam  
From walls too strait to be his lasting home,  
From nest where rival winglings with him vie!  
Who fain would house Dan Cupid needs beware  
No mean nor envious wight usurp his seat:  
The heart that homes him must be dwelling fair,  
Of royal space and fragrance, as is meet!  
The lordly urchin will be All or None:  
So, mortals, see to it! lest ye be undone.



## TO OUR BELOVED PRINCESS

A SONNET. JAN. 1892

TAKE comfort, break not, tender mother heart !  
See, all the mothers in the land do weep  
With thee, that thou thy son must lay to sleep  
Where no soft kiss of thine will bid him start  
Awake one morn to bravely do his part  
'Mid men, for Man ; on perilous height and steep  
To guard the flag of Britain, and to keep  
Her beacons lit with flame from his royal heart.  
Ah, gentle nurse ! Years since, when thou didst tend  
Another couch, we watched with thee, we prayed—  
Death fled—unsatisfied. Then we did bend  
In adoration of the hand that stayed  
Death's grasp. We blindly ask for life—Ah me !  
God grants, denies ;—We trust. We cannot see.

## PRICKS

## A SONNET

THE wounds that sword doth gape and talon tear,  
That may be healed and hid by timely craft—  
E'en tho' they slay—win fame. The barbèd shaft  
In battle flown, that fleshèd aim, doth bear  
Proud plumes the archer and his mark may wear.  
E'en coward Poison, with its deadly draught,  
Blends rest from care with pain, when fully quaffed.  
Plague's dial points to health, Fire clears the air.  
But cruellest ills are those Fame never sings,  
Too deep for Pity's gentle dew to heal :  
Fanged sneer, steeled word, the spur of scorn—their  
sting 's  
Unseen ! Large, tender hearts that bleed to feel  
Vicarious stabs, small daily pricks will kill,  
If hands well-loved do choose the spot with skill.

## THE PASSING OF SPRING

## A BALLADE

THE tender turquoise-tinted sky,  
'The filmy clouds that float and play,  
And toss their soft white arms on high  
To hide the sun's hot gaze and lay  
Cool shadows on the meadows gay,  
Where cattle crop the sweet new grass,  
And mother sheep call lambs that stray—  
Say,—Summer comes!  
Spring goes, alas!

Skylarks that shrill and trill, and ply  
Undaunted wings, and soar their way  
And breast air-tides, till dazzled eye  
Blinks till they drop and cease their lay;  
Lapwings that flap and wheel and say  
'Pee-wit, keep-hid!' then cunning pass  
The nest and sideways swing and sway—  
Cry,—Summer comes!  
Spring goes, alas!

Swallows that circle, dart, and hie  
From comb to eave with insect prey  
To gaping broods that huddled lie  
Safe-nested in hid homes of clay ;  
Flute-throated blackbirds, throistles grey,  
The chiff-chaff with his sharp ' chiss-chass,'  
Wrens, tits, and warblers—all the day  
Sing,—Summer comes !  
Spring goes, alas !

## L'ENVOI

All living things—the wreaths of May,  
The trees, the scented new-mown hay,  
Pinks, blue-bells, lilies, perfumes crass—  
Breathe,—Summer comes !  
Spring goes, alas !

## THE DYING YEAR

THE cold winds wail thy dirge, thou dying Year !  
The rain is falling fast from yon dark cloud  
That veils the winter moon whose radiance clear  
Of late had wrapped, as in a silvered shroud,  
The straight, still outlines of the land. Now, drear  
And bare, with tossing limbs, the trees are bowed,  
And, rending, groan above thy hidden bier.  
The darkness is awake, and memories crowd  
And rustle in the dusk. Like ghosts appear  
Joys, griefs, despairs, and hopes ; ambitions proud,  
And grovelling meannesses. Each sight of fear,  
Each sound of cheer thy past hath known. Loves  
vowed,  
Loves lost, Hates hissed, Wrongs wreaked,—all, all  
are here :  
The twelve-act passion-drama of a year.

## DEATH

DEATH keeps Life's gate.

Why need we fear,  
Or hold Death to be aught but dear  
To men or any living thing !  
He stands, cloud-robed, with folded wing,  
And patient waits from year to year.

He turns Life's key when we draw near,  
When Time our straying footstep brings  
Home to our Father's House of Cheer.

Death keeps Life's gate.

Death hath no voice that mortal ear  
Need shrink nor agonise to hear !  
He calls us as an angel sings,  
In silver tones whose echo rings  
From Heaven to Earth most sweet and clear !

Death keeps Life's gate.

## LIFELESS LEAVES

A TINY bunch of lifeless, faded leaves—  
    Lifeless, are they ?  
When now from them a living memory weaves  
    A web to-day,  
In living colours, of a bygone scene !  
    Of purple heath  
On dark hillside ;—of tree-clad isle, whose green  
    The lake beneath  
Has prisoned in its still and glassy deeps ;—  
    Of white wreathed mist  
That floats and curls up giddy mountain steeps ;—  
    Of crags cloud-kissed  
That dare the storms in silent hardihood ;—  
    Of o'er them all  
The soft grey billows of the sky that brood  
    And threat to fall  
In tears o'er isle-gemmed, crag-engirdled lake !  
    Lifeless, are they ?  
When fraught with living power that seems to make  
    This winter's day





## A RONDEAU

WHEN I am dead,  
For ever dream of me  
As one whose love still nestles close to thee.  
A day-long guardian of thy words and ways,  
My spirit will be set, to see thee raise  
A temple of good deeds for men to see.  
A hiding-place of solace may'st thou be,  
A tower of strength to which the weak may flee;  
And all who know thee trust thee in the days

When I am dead.  
Yea, know and trust—but never love like me ;  
For none may love my love, save only He  
Who gave him to me that my soul might praise  
The Giver,—full of lowly, sweet amaze  
At my own bliss. Ah ! love, think thus of me

When I am dead.

## BY THE ABJECT LOVER

## A SONNET

AH! would I were that dimple on thy chin!  
Ah! would I were that rose upon thy lip!  
I'm jealous of these sweets that thou dost sip,  
That gossamer that floats athwart thy skin.  
Could I but be the jewel that doth pin  
Those wavy locks that wanton from its clip,  
That thou mightst touch me with thy finger-tip,  
I'd ask no more! So, near thee I might win,  
I'd even be the leather of thy shoe  
That thy light tread might thrill me thro' and thro',  
Until I wore to death in serving thee!  
I care not what I be, so thine I be!  
And thou, sweet witch, that know'st thy power  
too well—  
Each day for me thou weav'st anew some spell.

## NIGHT AND DAY

## I

SEE from the silvered edge of yon dark hill  
In silent majesty the moon doth rise ;  
The paling stars, abashed, do shrink and thrill,  
And haste in lustrous veils to hide their eyes,  
Where feathery floating clouds do sail the skies :  
Her pearly glory to the Night doth lend  
A glamour soft, whose beauty doth the Day's  
transcend.

## II

The dazzling, sceptred Day is hard and proud ;  
Beneath his sway the earth doth sweat and toil ;  
His wakeful choirs with myriad voices loud  
Enclang his praises in a rhythmic coil ;  
His liveried hosts' gay hues each other foil ;  
Th' enslavèd globe he drags in glittering chain  
Along the Oval vast where Sol, his lord, doth reign.

## III

Oh ! work-compelling, truth-revealing Day !  
Oh ! rest-enticing, secret-shrining Night !  
Alike in this, that ye His Word obey  
That called ye out of chaos, and made Light  
That ye in awful splendour be bedight !  
In mystic stillness—in harmonic roar—  
Alike ye call on us the Maker to adore.

## A SCOTS BALLAD

## I

THE easterly haar creepit in frae the sea,  
The Year was a meenute auld,  
When Bell Kirkmichael cam' ower the muir—  
The nicht was mirk and cauld.

## II

She happit her wean wi' her checkit plaid,  
She happit it close and warm,  
Her face glints white in the mirk-black nicht,  
And dour like an oncome o' storm.

## III

My Leddy Dhunwhassel sits high in the Ha'  
In a bleeze o' licht like day ;  
My Lord her son, wi' his weel-tochered bride,  
Was keepin' his Hogmanay.

## IV

The Leddy she rose frae her tamboured chair,  
The clock 's on the stroke, quo' she,  
Fling wide the doors, let the New Year in,  
Let the Auld Year flee, quo' she.

## V

They 've flung the Ha' doors wide to the wa',  
The easterly haar creepit in,  
The Auld Year passed wi' a grewsome sigh,  
It fled wi' its burden o' sin.

## VI

They 've flung the Ha' doors wide to the wa':  
Oh ! wha comes here ? cried she.  
What blythe first-footer comes in wi' the Year  
Tae bring me my arles ? cried she.

## VII

I 've brocht ye an arles, my Leddy sae blythe,  
—The voice was hoarse, wi' a girr—  
A braw lass-bairn o' your ain red blude,  
God mete as ye mete tae her.

## VIII

An' Bell Kirkmichael cam' ben the Ha'  
In the bleeze o' licht like day,  
She laid the wean at the Leddy's foot,  
And, oh! there was dool an' wae!

## IX

She rose and she look't on the prood young bride :  
Eh! bride, but ye're bonnie to see.  
For a' ye're kirkit bride to yer Lord,  
Ye'll ne'er lo'e yer man like me.

## X

She turned and she look't on the braw young Earl,  
He gied her look for look ;  
Tho' ne'er a word went betwixt them twa,  
It was read like a prented book.

## XI

Oh! fare-ye-weel, my Lord sae fause—  
She said it a' wi' her e'e :  
Oh! whaur ye gaun, my lass sae wud?  
Tho' never a word spake he.

## XII

Then, dumb and white, like a wraith she sped  
Frae the Ha' wi' its bleezin' licht,  
Oot-bye in the cauld and the easterly haar,  
Awa' in the black, mirk nicht.

## XIII

I've waukit ower mony a winter nicht,  
An' I fain wad sleep, cried she.  
There's a cauld, blae loch on the brown muirside  
Will mak' a saft bed tae me.

## XIV

And the puir wee wean at the Leddy's foot,  
It waukit and blinkit its e'en,  
And smile't in the Leddy's awesome face—  
It was warm and blythe and bien.

## XV

The Leddy she happit the wean tae her breist :  
Eh! bairn, ye've a weird tae dree.  
My son, ye maun keep this lass frae skaith  
To your dyin' day, quo' she.



## XVI

Her son gaed doun on his silken knee,  
And swore by his fair name tint  
Tae guard the bairn o' shame frae skaith  
Thro' Fortune's glower or glint.

## XVII

The stately bride, she stept to his side :  
My Lord, your hand, quo' she.  
You'll guard your word. I'll speer nae mair  
O' this ill ye hae wrocht tae me.

## XVIII

This New-Year arles o' yon puir lost lass  
Sall bide in oor hame, quo' she ;  
For there's nane in a' this warld maun threep'  
She lo'ed my man like me.

III  
METRICAL LINES



‘NO FLOWERS—’

I

WHEN this earth-dwelling of my soul  
Stays void and still, and poor and lone,  
Oh! deck it not, thus overthrown,  
With floral alms, the wonted dole.

II

Though love for my fled spirit glow  
Unlessened as of old, when met  
By answering warmth that, mingled, set  
A halo on the homestead low,—

III

Leave it to mother-earthen care  
To smooth with tender, verdant palm;  
Her tendril fingers, strong and calm,  
Will clasp the clay with garlands rare.

## IV

With living garlands ! Glad to be  
Alive, tho' living on my grave.  
The shining leaves God's light will lave,  
And daisies stare and smile to see

## V

The pranks the dancing sunbeams play.  
Let bees suck honey there from flowers  
That hoard the sweets from gracious showers ;  
Let butterflies, the livelong day,

## VI

Flicker and sport around the spot.  
But bring no living joys to fade  
And die for me ! God hath not made  
These gladsome things for so mean lot.

## VII

This clay-wrought frame was hardly worth  
The tribute of one violet's life—  
E'en when it held a spirit rife  
With thought and passion from the birth.

VIII

God’s human flowers are not so pure,  
Are scarce more precious, not so fair  
As these He paints with pride and care  
To dress His earth. — And why immure

IX

Such free, fresh beings in this cell—  
A cell from which all light has fled ?  
Let savage warrior’s serfs, who bled  
To grace his death, by thousands yell ;

X

Let Orient widowed girls lie bound  
And shrieking writhe upon the pyre  
With their lost lords, a prey to fire—  
Whom sensual, gloating priests surround:—

XI

But you—these victims that ye bring  
So meek and dumb, they do not cry  
A protest at their doom. Then why  
Their glowing limbs in bonds enring ?

## XII

Think ye to pleasure Heav'n's ripe grain ?  
Or is it for the Reaper-God  
Ye leave them drooping on the sod ?  
Or, do you seek to stanch the vein

## XIII

Of bleeding grief by this your task  
Of binding perfumed crown and cross  
As solace ? From your sense of loss  
Why raise a bower where Death can lurk

## XIV

And revel 'mid the sweet new life  
That stirs the bosom of the earth  
Whence your dear treasure-hoard of worth—  
Be 't husband, lover, child, or wife—

## XV

Has passed to Paradise, to tend  
The flowers that never droop nor die ?  
Ah ! ye that weave the wreaths to die,  
And o'er them, black with gloom, who bend—

XVI

Ye that kneel low and weep, look up !  
Nor shower salt tears o'er my void home.  
Look up ! Look up to yon starred Dome,  
Where, am'ranth-crowned, I with the Bride-  
groom sup.



## THE SECRET OF THE LORD

## I

GRAND four-square tower of Law, erect upon the shore  
Of Life's unquiet sea ! With lofty wide-set door,  
Rock-founded stands a refuge and a home for all  
Who drift or steer or toss beneath its strong-built wall.

## II

Then why need fussy man heap brittle laws on laws  
To shift with every murmuring breeze like unbound  
          straws ?  
Why seek to fence, with paper screens, from Life's  
          rough blast  
Himself and storm-beat fellow-wanderers in the Vast ?

## III

High Beacon-tower of Law, with quenchless lamp  
          ablaze,  
And myriad search-lights flashing o'er Life's darkest  
          ways !  
Fire crownèd stands, a warning and a guide to all  
Who lag or grope or run beneath its crystal wall.

## IV

Then wherefore burn a flickering rushlight on mud  
floor,  
And seek to scan by its poor spark Life's mystic lore,  
Or fondly hope to find the outlet of Life's maze,  
In darkest night, by one poor dim horn-lantern's rays?

## V

God's moral laws are Ten—wise, equal, broad, and  
plain :  
The man who tries to live outside them lives in vain.

## VI

Wise :—on the rock of perfect Truth and Knowledge  
based,  
That fallen man, through them, to highest type be  
raised.

## VII

Equal :—for man and fellow-man are one, tho' two.  
By ' Shalts,' no less than ' Shalt nots,' Man God's will  
must do.

## VIII

Broad :—for the Love that made them has no mea-  
sured bound.  
Plain :—that His feeble, wandering sheep may all be  
found.

## F

## IX

God's moral laws are Ten. The Christ who kept  
them knew  
Their height and depth, their length and breadth,—He  
only knew.  
He kept them here on earth, that men might keep  
them too,  
And by Obedience win to Knowledge of The True.

## X

Love Man. Love God. Love all God's creatures.  
Know God's works.  
Beneath the broadening train of this fair sequence  
lurks  
The Secret in a Secret—flawless gem, long-sought !  
The pearl of perfect bliss which gold has never bought.

## TO J. R. W.

## I

Two decades has our friendship seen.  
To thee, a time of added joys and partaged woes :  
                    To me, has been  
Most poor, but richest of my life.

## II

Now, at another's open door  
We stand, hand-claspt, to go two ways—alas !—  
                    who knows ?—  
                    For evermore,  
But for God's heart, with pity rife.

## III

And I, for brightening of thy way,  
Leave in thy hand a little book of English song,  
                    Whose music may  
Soothe thee to rest, or rouse to strife.

## IV

If from its ring some echoes wake  
Of true notes, sweet or sad, we have together sung,  
I pray thee make  
Such tones a chord to link to mine thy life.

## AT MORFA

MARCH 1890

## I

'THERE's twenty horses in the mine !'  
'Poor beasts !—What help for it ?—'Tis best,  
This course. Our only one.—*Must* flood the  
mine.'

## II

'Twas one short week since our brief rest  
Was broken by a muffled roar,  
A thund'rous mutter underground  
In depths where Nature keeps a store  
Of fiery force, close-pent and bound  
In shining walls of brittle black,  
For stalwart tools, with brawny might  
Of Nature's higher force, to crack.

## III

'Twas one short week since that glad night  
When stalwart arms had dandled soft  
The clinging brats, and tossed them high,  
In rough farewell, o'er heads aloft :

Gurgling, gleeful, like to cry  
To find their tiny heads so near  
The rafters, and so far above  
The mother's breast which is so dear  
When dad's strong arms and dad's strong love  
Are set to harder play than this.

## IV

But one short week ! Alas ! how long !  
What centuries seem fled ! That kiss !  
The last that father pressed upon  
The mother-lips—now dumb and set,  
Poor widowed lips ! They nevermore  
Will clack, nor gibe, nor idly fret  
The strong, rough mate, who patient bore  
The gibes and frets and idle clack ;  
—Or, may be, silenced all by times  
With strong, rough word, or sounding whack  
Of strong, rough fist, which ever grimes  
More than it hurts alike the whacked  
And whacker, did they read it right !

## V

Seven long-drawn days of silence, racked  
With torturing fear of what dread sight  
May meet the dry, hot eyes that shrink,

There, at the pit-mouth, when each load  
Of human ore comes to the brink,  
Dug from the depths and thence bestowed  
On eager hands for bearing home.

## VI

—Or giving back to earth, may be,  
With prayer and tears, 'neath Heaven's blue dome  
High-arching, vast, serene : while we  
Toil, rage, weep, lay our dead to rest ;  
And seldom raise a toil-worn front,  
To drink draughts, sweet, reviving, blest,  
From its pure fount ; but bear the brunt  
Of sordid work with earth-fed strength,  
With surly, doggèd, earth-born will ;  
Until we lose both will and strength,  
And lay us down—limbs stiff and still—  
And leave our task to suppler hands.

. . . . .

## VII

For one brave week the rescuers wrought,  
Undaunted, single-hearted bands !  
Bold, eager toilers, who aid brought,  
And hope, and longed-for gleams of light  
To shattered limb and fainting heart  
And straining eye.



And though, in Sight  
—For some—Hope now was lost ; and hearts,  
Once faint, were now with God, and strong  
For ever !—on the rescuers worked  
Their painful way ; nor deemed it long,  
Nor recked their lives, nor ever shirked  
The cruellest task.

But smoke and stench  
Tell tale of fire beyond,—and e'en  
The boldest, bravest, can but blench  
When fire's fell barrier flames between  
His goal and him.

And so—'twas o'er.

‘ The missing, sure, cannot yet live.  
‘ The dead lie quiet, and nevermore  
‘ Will dread the scorching fate.

Come ! give

‘The vain search o’er. Come! Close the shaft.’  
Thus went the master’s word.

**And then :**

‘ Must flood the mine ; for mortal craft  
‘ Nought else remains.’

## X

And now, rough men,—  
Great giants whose coal-grit-grimed skin  
Oft hides soft, tender, melting hearts,—  
Came pleading if they might yet win  
A passage through the smoke that parts  
The horses, snorting, trembling brutes,  
From upper air and safety.

## XI

‘ No.  
‘ One collier is worth myriad brutes.  
‘ ’Twere madness ! ’  
‘ Measter ! let us go.  
‘ The beasts will burn. Nay, let us down.’  
‘ No. Never. They ’re but brutes. They end  
‘ In death. No ! ye shall not go down.’

## XII

Thus Common Sense, plain, hard, doth lend  
His sister, Sentiment, his strength  
To keep her in due bound.

But stay,—  
Is Common Sense to run the length  
Of gauging, meting out God’s way

As to the Future for God's brutes ?  
Why not a heaven for them ? Like man,  
They love, they do their duty.—Faithful mutes !  
What more, save talking, does a man ?

## IN REMEMBRANCE

## I

CALM, pure, serene,  
She went her maiden way,  
And ever kept the golden mean  
'Twixt fire and ice on Life's highway.

## II

Her clear, true eye  
Was ever keen to note  
The true and good in passers-by.  
Sweet eyes ! undimmed by beam or mote.

## III

Her kindly hand  
Was ever quick to aid  
The weaker ones upright to stand,  
To guide the erring ones who strayed.

## IV

Ah ! calm, brave front !  
That made our pathway bright.  
Strong hand ! whose clasp was ever wont  
To make our heaviest burden light.

## V

Clear glance ! whose shine  
Warmed while it pierced us through.  
Loyal heart ! whose love seemed nigh divine,  
Because all free from self, all true.

## VI

We loved her well,  
And did her homage too,  
As to a Queen.  
But none durst tell  
To her a meaner love, though true.

## VII

She soared above  
All lowly, selfish aims.  
And grovelling passion—earth-born love—  
On her free spirit had no claims.

## VIII

And yet she knew  
Its power to raise, or weight  
To crush ; and ever deemed it true  
And wise for weaker souls to mate,

## IX

Who dared not wend,  
As she, Life's ways alone ;  
As she, beneath Life's burden bend,  
And carry others' with her own.

## X

Oh ! sweet spring flowers !  
Oh ! fresh May sward so green !  
Oh ! gentle, fruitful, pearly showers !  
Come ! deck a couch as for a queen,

## XI

On which to lay  
Her dear, still form to sleep.  
For she hath closed her eyes to-day :  
Her rest has come, so sweet, so deep.

## XII

Life's load no more  
Those willing hands will bear ;  
Life's pains, life's tasks, for her are o'er.  
For her—And we—? Must leave her there.

## ATHLETICS

NOTHING is new under the sun :  
Man has the old, old course to run,  
Round and round on the beaten track,  
Not for a moment the pace must slack.

Steady and even, slow and sure,  
Eyes front—arms bent—lungs free—heart pure,  
Mind calmly set on the work, he flies,  
Unheeding the onlookers' shouts and cries.

Training and staying power, not speed,  
Faith in the Judge—'tis all we need  
For a glorious winning of Life's grand race,  
—Its prize :—To see Truth face to face.

THREE CHAPTERS FROM THE BOOK  
OF THE WISDOM OF JACOB TEW

I.—ON RELIGION

I

COORATE's bin oop at Eabram's 'ouse,  
Top o' 'bonk be'ynd—  
'Im as 'is wyfe 'as getten twins,  
Threay wakes this deay, A mynd;

II

Fur Eabram 'e coom struttin' 'ere,  
Lyke a' 'en as 'as leade two heggs;  
Sezee, 'Oo 's gin meay twins, oo 'as.'  
( 'Im as is bowed i' 'legs,

III

Odd mon oop 'th' faarm oop bonk.)  
Aa. Eabram Baskervyle—?  
Lyke as not 'is neam 's a-thattens,  
'Is muther wur theer awhyle.



## IV

Well-well—Ee 's dyedd, Owd Baskervyle—  
Ee 's dyedd.—As A wur seay,  
Coorate ee coom fur seay 'is wyfe  
Abeout 'er choorchin' deay.

## V

Eabram's wyfe 's fur 'ave twins chrissened—  
Coorate an' 'er's that soart—  
Hallweays fur choorch, oo is, hallweays—  
Coorate-mad—*that* soart.

## VI

Sez-A,—Eabram's self wur chrissened  
An' yo an' meay, an-all.  
A niver seay as it meade no differ  
'Twixt us an' Joshuay Ball.

## VII

Ee niver 'ad no chrissenins,  
An' ee wur as owd as meay.  
Nor A niver see 'im but twyct i' choorch  
Fro 's birth to 's berryin' deay.

## VIII

An A 've bin sexton, mon and bye,  
Fur nygh on threescore year,  
An A niver berryed a better mon  
Nor Joshuay, niver tha fear.

## IX

Joshuay niver sed no one neay—  
Ee wur fond o's mate an's eale,  
But ee'd gin it yo an' meay, an-all,  
If ee'd thowt as A'd missed ov a maale.

## X

Ee niver thowt nowt on pollytricks,  
Ee did 'is deay's-work ryght ;  
Owd muther an' 'im war quoiyet foake  
As 'ad a oop-ill fyght.

## XI

Oo kept 'er 'ouse as clane as *clane*,  
Oo mended an' meade fur 'im ;  
Oo dollied an' weshed fro' morn to nyght,  
Oo kept ooself nate an' trim.

## G

## XII

Joshuay niver wur one fur words—  
Dades wur all 'is seay.  
*An' yo 'll go fur tell meay, as Joshuay Ball*  
Wonnat stond i' 'Joodgment Deay!

## XIII

Coorate, ee 's all fur goin' to choorch  
Twyct ov a Sunday, an-all.  
Coorate, ee pleays 'im all the wake  
Wi' th' net, an' 'wench, an' 'ball!

## XIV

Owd Rector an' meay is meates, an-all—  
*Ee* peays meay lyke a mon;  
Sixpence a tyme fur 's 8-o'clock bell,  
Fur ee sez as A 'm owd an' done.

## XV

An' *thissuns*, 'hyghth ov two-pennorth ov brass,  
Lyke a little yong bantin-cock,  
Ee tells meay ma dooty, an' praches meay sick,  
An' spakes ov we-all as *'is flock*.

## XVI

Owd Rector, *ee* niver pleays wi' nets  
Thin th' last stroake ov th' bell,  
Nor slatts 'is bat upo' th' vestry floor  
An' on wi' 's soorplice !

Well !

## XVII

A 'm nygh woore-eout wi' ringin' bell  
Ov a summer's afternoon—  
'*Im* an' 'is tennisses an' wake-deay preayers !—  
An' owd Rector, thissun 's '*is* son !

## XVIII

Tymes is, tymes wur ; but lyfe 's seame.  
Gin meay a mon as duz  
An' *duz* ; an' 'owds 'is clackin' nyse,  
'Owds na-mure to '*im* nor *uz*.

## XIX

Lives neeborly an' peays 'is weay,  
Duz 'is deay's work lyke a mon :  
Choorch, chrissenins, coorates—as yo plase !—  
'Tinna them as *saaves* a mon.

## II.—ON WOMEN

## I

GOD bless thee, wi' tha rough black yead !  
Coom 'ere, an' set thee down.  
Our Joesiph sed a many tyme  
Ee 'd seen thee i' th' town.

## II

Ea, lad ! Thee 's gotten 'wyfe, oo sez—  
(Our Sally, wi' 'er clack)—  
Well, well ! 'Tis commin fate ov mon  
Thin now, to Adam, back.

## III

Neay-neay ! A 'se niver gotten 'wyfe !  
Thee 'st sure ov that, fur-sure.  
But, si'thee, tho' A 've had no wyfe,  
'Wur pleagued wi' wenches mure.

. . . . .

## IV

A seen a wench—one tyme—an-all ;  
As nice a wench as *nyce*. . . .  
Oo 's under 'sod, lad.—Under 'sod. . . .  
A berried 'er.—Aa, oo wur *nyce*.  
. . . . .

## V

Neay. A 'll na-mure wi' wenches.—Neay !  
. . . . .  
A 'se getten a wench fur clane.  
'Tis a-thissens wi' th' rhoomatiz,  
*Connot* kape th' 'ouse clane.

## VI

An' so —A 'se getten wench fur clane.  
A slip ov a lass, oo wur—  
Thee 'd 'a thowt as lads 'ud 'a letten 'er be,  
Oo wur quoiet as niver wur.

## VII

Tell-ee, wur fair thrutcht-ooop wi' lads !  
They coom ov a noon an' nyght !  
A 'se getten gun, an' A let fly,—  
Got shut ov lads, a' ryght !

## VIII

A catcht un i' th' fut, A did. . . .  
Ee meade meay peay for 't, though !  
Fyve shillin's down to Joodge-in-Coort !  
Got shut ov wench. A did *so*.

## IX

If yo 'll believe, as 'ere A sit—  
Oo blubbed thin-oo wur sick.  
Oo sed A 'd spyled 'er chance fur lyfe—  
That theer lad wur 'er pick.

## X

Oo sed as ee 'd gotten pleace oop th' 'All—  
A-summat i' th' 'ouse—  
An' *neow*, ee 'd niver be good fur nowt  
But shippons an' tentin' cows.

## XI

A 'se gotten anuther wench fur clane,  
An owd-un—Mosson's h'aunt  
(Im as berried 'is wyfe last year,  
Th' widow-man)—Jane Sant.

## XII

Oo 'd nygh bin death ov meay, oo 'ad !  
A 'd summat coom, that bad—  
Oo sed 'twur joodgmint ov God, oo sed,  
Fur flying gun at 'lad !

## XIII

Oo meade meay bottle ov stuff, oo did  
(Messin' an' dewin' wi' sass !);  
A niver did 'old wi' doctor-trash,  
An' A throw'd thissen i' th' ass.

## XIV

Oo sed, it done meay dyell ov good—  
Oo thowt a 'd tookt it ! Hee ! hee !  
Hee ! hee !—Throw'd it i' th' ass, spune an' all !  
An' niver let on. Hee ! hee !

## XV

A 'se getten shut ov Mosson's h'aunt.  
Ee lad ! A wur fyne an' glad !  
Thowt as oo 'd pisoned meay, A did,  
Fur A wur fyne an' bad.



## XVI

A leay abed, nygh goin' on year.  
A wur goin' fur pop off, A thowt.  
An' coorate, ee thowt seame, ee did ;  
Ee sent, fur tent meay,—a *nowt* !

## XVII

Coorate-mad ! A wench a-thissens,  
Preayin' over th' pleace ;  
Oo groaned, oo clackt, fur ' saave ma sowl,'  
Oo sed A wur ' 'opeless caase.'

## XVIII

Hee ! hee ! The 'ouse wur 's black 's ma shoe,  
Oo 's letten milk go sour,  
Oo 's getten bread as sad as cleay,  
Oo 's prached an' preayed by th' hour !

## XIX

Oo sez, ' Yo 'll none give ear to meay :  
Ave coorate, *do*, ' oo sez, ' do ee neow.'  
Sez-A, ' A 'll none 'ave '*im*, ' A sez ;  
' A 'm thrutcht wi' clackin' neow.'

## XX

Oo sed oo 'd fetch John Jones fur preay  
(John Jones! A Methody-rant!) :  
Sez-A, 'If *'Im* as A 'm goin' to  
Connat saave meay—*John Jones shan't.*

## XXI

A 'se getten shut ov 'er. Ee, lad!  
Wenches *is nowt*,—is nowt.  
Thee 's getten wyfe—Pooer lad! Pooer lad!  
*Thee 's brewed a browst fur drought!*

## XXII

A'm moythered fyne, 'Why wenches coomed?'  
Godamyghty known!  
*Ee* putt that theer Adam-lad  
I' gyardin, wi' wench, alone.

## XXIII

Ee myght 'a know'd, if Ee'd 'a thowt,  
Nowt but mischeef *could* coom.  
Aa—Wenches is meade fur werrit Mon.  
Fur why? Ee 'll tell—at 'Doom.

## III.—ON POLITICS

## I

Ee, lad ! A 'se gotten trate, this deay.  
A 've bin oop Minshull-weay,  
A 've seen both them theer candidates,  
A 'eard them seay their seay.

## II

Owd Joodge's son wur theer, an-all  
( 'Is son, as meade meay peay)—  
A yong poll-parrit ov a lad—  
A 'se gotten a *trate* this deay !

## III

Yong Joodge, ee 's all fur pollytricks,  
Grandowdmon, an-all !  
'Ome-reule (fine stuff !), eight-hours deay,  
Dom choorchansteate, an-all !

## IV

A niver did 'old wi' pollytricks—  
'Tis stuff as wonnot wesh.  
Pollytrickuns is thrutcht wi' words—  
Lyke mugs-full ov wake bran mesh !

## V

A sup ov *thattens* ov a nyght,  
Wi' watter out-on a can !  
Pig-wesh o' words ! Tell ee, wi' that  
Tha 'lt niver feed a *man*.

## VI

Then Dutton oops an' 'as 'is seay.  
Dutton 's mon fur meay !  
Dutton, ee peays top pryce i' weage,  
Dutton, *ee* 'll gain th' deay.

## VII

Neay, neay, A 'm not goin' fur blab  
'Is name as A ballits *fur*.—  
Whatten soart wur Dutton lyke?—  
A niver thowt *whatten* ee wur.

## VIII

'Ast iver seen a moonkey, lad ?  
Ee 's summat that-a-weay.  
'Tis brass as ee peays A 'old wi' un fur—  
Tinna looks as gains the deay.

## IX

A 'olds wi' weage, *good brass*, an-all,  
An' A 'olds with a sup ov eale,  
An' a summat i' th' Bonk, meay be,  
As 'll gin meay mate an' maale.

## X

Squiores an' Passons, as yo plase—  
A 'll niver seay none-on-'em neay.  
But 'old wi' Pollytricks—A wonnot !  
Tinna them as 'll gain the deay.

IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF AN  
EYE HOSPITAL

I

A GRIM, drab hall, with benches lined,  
Where, ranged in dingy, shabby rows,  
A patient crowd of human woes  
Is waiting for relief.

Blind! Blind!

The very walls might weep, had they a mind  
For pity, and cry out,

Sight for the blind!

II

Poor darkened ones, who dumbly plead  
With upturned faces, in their night  
Which is our day, so full, so bright—  
Our working day for those who need  
That we who see, to them in very deed,  
Be eyes and hands, not only hearts that bleed.

III

These hard stone walls, were they not dumb,  
 These hard stone walls, begrimed with smoke,  
 Might tell a tale that strong men choke  
 With tears to hear the like ! The sum  
 Of pain and sorrow that they've seen would come  
 Far past all mortal reckoning. But they're dumb.

IV

Oh, ye with eyes to see !—The blind  
 For whom hearts bleed and stone walls weep,  
 They are not alway those who creep  
 And grope, their painful way to find  
 By touch and scent. No. There's a sadder kind  
 Of sightlessness—a grovelling, darkened mind,

V

That needs a glass to magnify  
 My Neighbour and diminish Me—  
 That needs a sharp, swift cut to free  
 The sick, dim-sighted mental eye  
 From blurring film of Self.

Alas ! the I, Mine, Me,  
 Unholy Idol Trinity !

## VI

The prostrate masses it has crushed,  
Its worshippers, makes Juggernaut  
Seem kind !

Self's creed is all untaught :  
It needs no words by reverence hushed,  
No music's thrill, no priceless glass rose-flushed,  
No lofty sculptured fane.

Fount-wise, it gushed.

## VII

Primeval, in primeval breast,  
Each for himself the brutes began  
The fight for life.

But 'tis on Man  
(Nay, 'tis on Woman, whose behest  
The Man, poor fool, obeyed) the blame shall rest,  
For madly, blindly, daring to invest

## VIII

God's image in God's glory.

Yea,  
Blind mother Eve, she moulded us  
Our first false god. She, hoping thus



Her sons would godlike be.

That day  
Arose an idol cult whose earthly sway  
Is Catholic indeed !

Men bend and pray

IX

Before the great god Self, and bless  
Jehovah, Allah, God, and Budh  
(‘Soever be their Source of Good) ;  
The same hands reverently dress  
Two several altars ; and, devout, express  
By folded palms obedience none the less

X

To one or t’other Power !—Blind ! blind !  
This inward blindness causes all  
These outward ills Eve’s sons do call  
Disease, vice, folly, crime !

Behind

The big-writ, sounding names we ever find,  
Small-writ, the coward, lurking Self enshrined.

XI

Ah, thou ! poor sufferer in yon hall !  
Self’s victim, immolated by

Thy own or others' haste to lie  
 Beneath the chariot wheel ! To fall,  
 And reck not, in the ecstasy, of all  
 Thy mad devotion brings ! Alas ! To enthrall

XII

Thyself—perchance thy farthest son ?—  
 Life-slave for one brief moment's bliss !  
 To seek to gain heav'n by one kiss !  
 To sip Self's loving-cup !—Nay, one  
 Sweet sip—but one poor taste !  
 Blind, blind, undone !  
 The kiss opes wide the gates of hell,—cheap  
 won !

XIII

The sip brings death, or swift or slow,  
 Death to thyself and thine.  
 Widespread  
 The train of selfish joy ! The red,  
 Blood-red, and purple-shame-shot glow  
 That lights Self's dalliant path should serve to  
 show  
 The flower-strown pitfalls, brimmed with miry  
 slough,

H

## XIV

That whelm the unwary,—did not we  
 Pursue our path with eyes blindfold !  
 Ye sad ones in yon hall, blindfold  
 With healing bands, that ye may see  
 Once more the light of day, tho' it may be  
 A day all-shadowed by your past.—  
Ah me !

## XV

*Whose* day is bright thro' all its course?—  
 To ye, from half-oped door, there sounds  
 Hope's voice. The surgeon on his rounds  
 With cheery tone brings taught resource  
 In skilful hands, to free you from the curse  
 Laid on you by the cruel darkening force

## XVI

Ye dared, or worshipped, in the past,  
 —Ye, or your fathers !  
Evermore,  
 For us, the blind who see, an opening Door  
 Brings Hope. There, voices from the Vast,  
 Strong, pure, resound. Gleams golden, cast  
 Like arrows, deal the death to Night.  
At last

XVII

To blindness, self-love, sin, and woe  
Will come a Knife, a Healer's skill;  
And blindness, woe, and every ill  
Will be removed for ever! Lo!  
He comes! The door is widening! To and fro  
Pass angels leading in the freed ones! Lo!  
The Day beyond is brightening! Soon our night,  
Our outer darkness, will be lost in Light!

## BLUE HYACINTHS

## I

BLUE hyacinths, from scented woods in spring !  
Picked for loved hands by far-off loving hands,  
And sent across the wide blue sea, to bring  
The voiceless words that parted love demands.

## II

Blue hyacinths from scented woods in spring !  
Far off in years—so far, that Mem'ry faint  
Calls Love to lend his plummy, untired wing  
That she may fly to them thro' years, and paint  
In veiled blue, like Love's own eyes, their sweet,  
Soft carpet, 'neath the tender shade of trees,  
Scant-clothed in budding verdure, tipt by fleet,  
Short sunbeams of the early year.

## III

A breeze,  
A waft of long-past, longed-for native air  
Now fills with full, fresh life and force my frame,

—Tired with the gath'ring load of pain and care  
Long years have brought, with lessening strength.—

It came,  
Free from the Source of Light and Love, that sent  
The loving thought to pluck these flowers, that I,  
Revived, might joy, and breathe their perfume, blent  
With sweets from dear old native woods, brought nigh  
By blest remembrance ;—

## IV

Breathe, and so work on  
With freshened power, and bear a lightened load,  
Heartened once more and full of Hope ;

On, on,  
Unflagging, driven by a flow'r-twinèd goad  
Whose prick wounds not, and yet is strong to raise  
My drooping energy, by thoughts it brings  
Of youthful goals as yet ungained, of vows  
Long-pledged, not yet fulfilled.

## V

And most thought clings  
To memories of one long gone to rest,  
By whom my young, uncertain feet were led  
To wander in the od'rous woods thus blest

For ever, to my heart, by her blest tread.—  
The perfume of her life yet lives in hearts  
Made sweet by loving her !

## VI

My life's true friend !  
Albeit for me you bore no mother-smarts,  
No pangs and throes—you bore the pangs that tend  
To bring young souls to Life.

The throes and hurts  
That they, unknowing, cause to fost'ring guides  
Who watch the advent, and whose care averts  
The evil which the nascent soul betides.

## VII

My tender guide ! Altho' I gave you pain,  
I *know* you knew I loved you : by the trust  
I place in all these heedless ones who pain  
And wound me now ; yet, love me while they thrust.  
For every pang I caused you, I have bled  
In spirit since—perchance felt more than you !  
For, ever in your breast sweet Mercy, wed  
To lily-sceptred Patience, bred anew  
Each day the God-like grace that pardons *all*.

## VIII

My more than mother ! I can ne'er forgive  
My youth for hurting you. E'en now, the thrall  
Of long-past sins lies on me, and I live  
A life-long servant to Remorse, whose lash  
Stings keen. Nor Penitence nor yet reform  
Can reach you there, from me ! I gnash  
Blunt teeth in darkness, 'mid a wailing storm  
Of griefs, raised all by my mad, youthful will !  
And you ? Do you float there above, serene,  
With not one thought of me ? Ah, no—for still  
You love and pardon. From your heav'n you lean,  
A 'blessèd damozel,' from out your bliss,  
To gaze on me and lure me with sweet eyes,  
Up from my dark, low place, that I may kiss  
His feet, Whose pardoning Voice bids me arise



## THE FIRST KISS

## I

THE meeting of two mouths !  
The act man calls a kiss !  
What is it makes for bliss  
In meeting of two mouths ?

## II

Whence came it primal man  
Devised this perfect art,  
Whereby two souls apart  
May bridge the awful span

## III

That chasms One from One  
By joining at the lip—  
Whereby two souls may slip  
Together, and make one ?

## IV

Ah ! may it well have been  
When She, in Paradise,  
Stung on a sudden wise  
(That awful span first seen),

## V

Fled, terrorised, to Him,  
To still her heart's wild beat ;  
And crouching at his feet,  
Beset by fears, strange, dim,—

## VI

Fear of this unknown mate—  
Her own who seemed to be—  
Unquestioned all, as she,  
Till she aspiring ate,

## VII

And tasted, with The Fruit,  
The acrid sap of doubt !—  
Then—her fair locks about  
His path to stay his foot—

## I

## VIII

He, wondering, bent low  
To raise her to his breast ;  
Her chill dread soothed to rest  
Against his warm heart's glow :

## IX

Then, seeing on her lip  
The fell fruit's poison-stain,  
Wild with despairing pain  
Lest she die first—his lip

## X

Pressed hers and drank death-dew  
To die with her. The pang  
Fired Love, and Hope upsprang  
And Life was lit anew !

## XI

For Love Immortal saw  
This mortal first-love kiss,  
And fused it with Love's bliss,  
And sealed it as Love's Law.

‘WORK—WHILE IT IS DAY.’

I

WHY need we solve enigmas ?  
Let us live !  
Life is yet Life—Death, Death—  
When all is said.  
The grain and chaff Time winnows in his sieve :  
By winds of Circumstance the chaff is sped

II

The grain stays, to be set a-field, to grow.  
The chaff is trodden in the mire, forgot ;  
The grain is—aught ? Yea.—Why ?  
We do not know  
The chaff is—naught ?  
Oblivion is *its* lot.

III

The golden grain encasquets deathless germs ;  
From one spring millions. Whenceforth ?  
Who can tell ?  
The sagest husbandman, he naught affirms,  
He ploughs, sows, reaps : And—  
All is well.

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